

O D E

PRESENTED TO

T H E K I N G,

At B L E N H E I M,

BY HIS GRACE

The DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH.*

WITH

CONSIDERABLE VARIATIONS BY THE AUTHOR,

AND

NOTES BY FARMER *GEORGE.*

K George III.

L O N D O N:

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M D C C L X X X V I.



210.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN incorrect Edition of the following admirable Work having made its appearance, the Author, and the Noble Duke by whom it was presented, have thought it necessary that one more correct should be given to the Public. This they consider as a debt due not only to the Merits of the Poem, but also to the *admirable Graciousness* with which it was received. Some *trifling* variations have been inserted, as will be seen by the Original Copy sub-joined.

joined. To these are added, Notes critical and explanatory, by an Eminent Personage. As Lyric Poetry must of necessity be obscure, even in the case of the present Ode, where the *topics of praise* are *obvious* to the meanest capacity, it is presumed that the Commentary may not be deemed superfluous.

M—————*h*.

N. B. The passages now inserted are marked with inverted commas.

ODE,

* O D E, &c.

S T R O P H E.

DREAD SOVEREIGN, hail! an humble Bard
Disinterested homage pays;
Yet, *luckless wight!* he fears his lays
Shall bring no *solid* boon—no wish'd regard.

“ For

O R I G I N A L C O P Y.

Dread Sovereign, hail! an humble Bard
His loyal grátulation pays :
Ah! how unequal are his lays,
To win a Monarch's great regard!

* Ode.] Though the mythological allusions of Mr. WARTON's Odes oblige me sometimes to request from Tommy (as I familiarly call him) an oral explanation, yet I confess I like those better than the allusions to our national history in the present Ode. There is something of *comparison*, of—of *unfitness* in the latter, which should be avoided. Exclusive of that objection, I like the Poem exceedingly.

Farmer George.

P. B. 37.

P.

“ For see where *mighty* Marlborough smiles,—
Smiles at the homage of the *craving* Muse,
Her flattery, her fictions, and her toils ;
But, though he *disbelieve*, yet do not thou refuse.”

“ See the Beef-eaters stand,
A rugged, ruddy band !
Whisp’ring, leering,
Smiling, sneering,
The *caitiffs* mock the adulation bland.”

“ Thy *æconomic* firmness well they know,
Well, the strict tenor of thy *saving* life ;
Thy breast impervious to poetic woe,
As late ’twas haply found ’gainst *MARGARET’S knife.”

For

* *Margaret’s knife.*] This *horrible* transaction, which has already been sufficiently narrated, is to be recorded, at my desire, by the pencil of Mr. West, who has promised, however, to give his Sovereign a better face than he has bestowed on his Apostles.

For here no Warton fills the grove
With Poesy's **mechanic* sound ;
'Tis his to sing where †*vapid* Loves
And *murky* Graces hover round.

'Tis his to sing of rustic, Regal taste,
The ploughs and harrows strong of Windsor's glade ;
‡ Where Greatness is in *frouzy* labour blest,
And forming Nature is for once obey'd.

“ For

ORIGINAL COPY.

No Chaucer now delights the groves
With Poesy's enchanting sound ;
Yet still disport the purple Loves,
And still the Graces hover round.

* *Mechanic sound.*] This epithet I can account for by an odd custom of *Tommy's*, who is eternally reckoning with his fingers under the table.

† *Vapid Loves.*] I have been puzzled exceedingly by this phrase. I applied to PITT for an explanation, but he declared himself a total stranger to the passion. He then questioned his Brother-in-law, ~~Mr.~~ ELLIOTT, who told him, that, though he *felt* the meaning very strongly, he really wanted words to express it.

‡ *Where Greatness, &c.*] This passage, with the following, seems to be written in the true *Wartonian* taste, as, for my part, I cannot understand it.

“ For she, that Goddess fair and wife,
 Looking with prophetic eyes,
 Inflexible and dull the Statue saw,
 Where Will was fixedness, Caprice was law,
 Refrain'd awhile her plastic hand,
 And issued thus her dread command:”

“ No finer sense be here inspir'd ;
 No soft sensations be admir'd :
 Ne'er wisely vary with the varying scene ;
 Be rash, yet fix'd, — be fervid, yet serene.”

ORIGINAL COPY.

Matur'd by years, improv'd by taste,
 Each lovely scene is fairer made,
 Than when Britannia's Monarch blest
 With daily smiles this rural shade.

ANTISTROPHE.

ANTISTROPHE.

Illustrious Sire ! ordain'd to prove
 How *gain'd*—how *lost*—a People's love ;
 For meek *forgiveness* still endear'd,
 And still by pious *gratitude* rever'd.

“ Yet not to all, thy *condescension* flows ;
 Its *rigid* bounds thy *feeling* bosom knows :
 For humbler crimes have found a c— —s part,
 Whilst H——s triumphs o'er thy *soften'd* heart !”

By

ORIGINAL COPY.

Illustrious Sire ! ordain'd to prove
 The ardour of a Nation's love ;
 By every royal gift endear'd,
 By every rank ador'd, rever'd.

By guardian Angels fav'd from Fate;

By sapient Councils more secur'd;

What though thy steps protecting Spirits wait,

Thy *wiser* Council MARGARET have immur'd.

To

ORIGINAL COPY.

By guardian Angels fav'd from Fate,

Who, mindful of Britannia's weal,

Thy sacred steps well pleas'd beset,

And turn'd aside the frantic steel.

To

To *Woodstock welcome!—May this day
 With rich unequall'd lustre shine,
 That gives the gaping, wond'ring crowd,
 †A *partial* sight of Brunswick's Line!

“ To Woodstock welcome!—May the night
 In rayless grandeur meet our eyes,
 That each *dark* visitant may pass unseen,
 Who comes to *bribe*, or to *advise*!”

ORIGINAL COPY.

To Woodstock welcome!—May the day
 With brightest lustre shine,
 That gives our eyes the richest feast,—
 The sight of Brunswick's Line!

At

* I confess I experienced this *welcome* in a very great degree. I received so much pleasure from the entertainment, that, if the Cook had not obstinately refused to have his head shaved, according to my domestic regulation, I would certainly have conferred on him the honour of Knighthood.

† I am by no means *partial* to this Line, for, had *all* my family been there, my pleasure would have been greatly diminished.

At Fancy's call Time's vista meets my sight:—

A splendid groupe of Kings appear,

Who shed their varied lustre here,

And fought these bow'rs with ever-new delight.

An

ORIGINAL COPY.

At Fancy's call Time's vista meets my sight,—

A splendid group of Kings appear,

Who shed benignant lustre here,

And fought these bow'rs with ever-fresh delight.

An

A ALFRED's sacred name we boast,

Whose valour fav'd and rais'd a sinking Realm ;

But GEORGE's *greater* name—itselt an host,

Gives *talismanic* safety to our Helm.

To

ORIGINAL COPY.

An ALFRED's sacred name we boast,

Whose valour fav'd this sea-girt Isle,

Whose genius bade the Muses smile,

And woo'd them to our Northern Coast.

D

To

TO HENRYS, EDWARDS, hallow'd names,
 The Muse recurs, with rev'ence due ;
 But more a GEORGE's worth inflames,
 When all his *brighter* glories rise to view.

* " Though EDWARD's, and though HENRY's deeds
 Gave added *Kingdoms* to our sway,
 By one subdu'd *Ierne* bleeds,
 The other's force bade stubborn *Wales* obey."

" Though

ORIGINAL COPY.

TO HENRYS, EDWARDS, hallow'd names,
 The Muse recurs, with rev'ence due ;
 But more a GEORGE's worth inflames,
 And veils their glories from her view.

* This, and the verses which follow, I think the most exceptionable parts of the whole Poem. I observed, that whilst I was reading them, Marlborough was contemplating the pictures of the Duke his ancestor, and Queen Anne, which are placed opposite each other, in gilt frames. What could he have meant by that?

“ Though the Third EDWARD haughty France subdu’d,
 When English valour flam’d o’er *Cressy’s* plains,
 When rival nations in amazement stood,
 And terror pal’d each cheek, through all their wide domains ;

“ Thy greater Soul the meed disdains,
 That waits the progress of the conqu’ring host ;
 Far other sense thy breast retains—

Pond’ring on thousands slain—on *Empires* lost.
 Their’s the gay Triumph, that, exulting loud,
 Looks down on all—save Valour’s swift career :
 Thy greater Soul, more stoically proud,
 Dwells on Defeat, and holds Misfortune dear.”

“ When

“ When Sons *rebellious* wounded *WILLIAM's heart,

And led their *parricidal* armies forth ;

Still WILLIAM felt a fond, a Parent's part,

Nor let Rebellion veil his ROBERT's worth.

“ Even in the field, where hostile tumults reign,

When carnage has its work begun,

The Father clasps his humbled Son ;

Each heart relents, and Peace returns again.”

“ Thee no such Tenderneſs inſpires,

No fooliſh fond Affection fires ;

Thy conduct *nobler* motives rule :

“ Like

* WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, I ſuppoſe, the Poet means ;—but
of this I cannot be certain,

* Like Persia's Prince, thy Son, retir'd,
 Obscur'd—belov'd—depress'd—admir'd—
 Is sent to tread Adversity's rough school."

" Hear it, ye Realms! that BRITAIN'S HEIR,
 With Persia's *prudent*, prescient care,
 Shall learn Mechanic Arts,
 Shall onward look with trembling care,
 Shall know of Sov'reignty no share,
 And reign—but in our hearts.

E

E P O D E.

* The Author is very happy in this allusion; for I confess that I took the idea of my conduct towards the Prince, from a passage in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*; where it is told, that every Eastern Prince is sent for several years into retirement, that his virtues may meliorate in obscurity, and that he may guard against future poverty, by learning at least the principles of some mechanic business.

E P O D E.

* Blest, then, in all that can adorn
 The Father and the King,
 Intent to scatter public good,
 And take from private life each sting;
 What thrilling raptures through thy frame must run,
 When mem'ry aids the Royal thought,
 And shews what former Kings have done,
 And what a change thy glorious reign has wrought!

Of

O R I G I N A L C O P Y.

Oh, blest in all that can adorn
 The Monarch and the Man!
 To scatter happiness intent,
 And public good to plan;
 What raptures must pervade thy breast,
 When mem'ry aids the Royal thought,
 And shows what former Kings possess,
 And what thy greater bounty wrought!

* In this, and the like assertions, I used at first to disbelieve *Will. Whitehead*; but I have since heard it so often repeated, without variation, that I cannot suspect its truth.

Of *public* love, of *private* bliss,
 These instances shall gild thy reign;
 And future Ages, viewing this,
 The *wond'rous* scenes shall paint again;

“ * Shall tell how Chatham's Boy,
 Beyond his Father's daring bold,
 That hallow'd frame relentless could destroy,
 Whose worth so many wond'ring ages told;
 “ How,

ORIGINAL COPY.

In public love, in private bliss,
 Unrivall'd shines a GEORGE's reign;
 And future Ages, envying this,
 The charming scene shall paint again.

And

* *Shall tell, &c.*] I wonder why the Bard rides his Pegasus so
 hard against poor Pitt. Considering he has been two whole years in
 office,

“ How, erring from his Sire’s design,

He unrepining could resign

The Empires which that Sire had fav’d;

How he with rash and haughty stride

Spurn’d Liberty from Britain’s side,

And stern Oppression’s gloomy standard wav’d.”

“ Whene’er

office, I have heard but few grievances alleged against him; such as the Commutation-Act, the Shop-Tax, the Maid-Servants’ Tax, the India Bill, and the Irish Propositions: but these are things I leave *black Ned* and him to discuss between them.

“ Whene’er these deeds the Lyre records,
With deepen’d tones and sadd’ning words,”
Then let the Bard who tunes the lays
In distant ages, tell this Isle,
In smooth appropriate numbers,
Dull as Lethæan slumbers,
That GEORGE’s happy, happy days
The world had witness’d in his People’s smile :

That

ORIGINAL COPY.

And may the Bard who tunes the lays
In distant ages, tell this Isle,
That GEORGE’s long and happy days
Were cheer’d with CHARLOTTE’s happy smile :

That

That where restraint permitted, Commerce spread;
 That honest Arts *sometimes* approach'd the Throne;
 That * Music, led by Folly, rear'd its head,
 " Dissolving Care's depressing clouds,
 Soothing, charming listless crowds,"
 And call'd a chang'd, *enervate* realm its own.

ORIGINAL COPY.

That riches flow'd from Commerce spread;
 That Arts were cherish'd by the Throne;
 That Peace and Plenty rear'd their head,
 And call'd a *happy* realm their own.

* This part of the praise belongs solely to my Wife. She it was that first taught me to beat time with tolerable exactness, by making me follow the motions of Joah Bates at Westminster-Abbey; but I fear that what she calls the true musical *gusto* I shall never be able to acquire.

28 MR 59

THE END.

